

THE YELLOW SEVEN ISLAND "N"

BY EDWARD SNELL.
ILLUSTRATED BY
R.W. SATERFIELD

ONEA SERVICE INC. 1929

This unusual series of stories deals with the exploits of "Chinese" Pennington, a detective sent by his government to British North Borneo, to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits.

A Chinaman leant wearily on the rail of a bamboo bridge, gazing downward at an oozing sea of black mud. Beyond the narrow barrier of coco-palms, an ocean of azure was receding, leaving an ever-widening stretch of glittering sand where a turbaned syce exercised a Bajou pony. The bridge that spanned the swamp served as a link between the shore and the mainland and from the inner extremity an ill-defined path wound through stunted forest-wastes, teeming with chattering monkeys.

To the student of character, here was the prosperous Chinese trader come to keep an appointment he had made with someone, possibly a stranger to the district. He had selected an unmistakable landmark for his rendezvous. He wore a white drill tunic, buttoned up to the neck; wide-legged trousers of rustling black silk, and boots with elastic sides. An umbrella of oiled paper—yellow inside and red without—was tucked under one arm, and a solar topee of surprising whiteness contrasted strangely with the swarthy skin beneath.

The thundering of the pony's hooves died away into the distance. A sudden, momentary silence fell from the hidden monkey-colonies, and the figure of a white man appeared at an opening between the trees. He stood for a moment gazing round him. Presently his glance fell upon the still form on the bridge. It was perhaps strange that at the very moment the Englishman's eyes were turned in his direction, the Oriental should become aware of the piercing rays of a tropic sun—and open the umbrella for which he had hitherto found no use!

The newcomer started visibly and came forward with swift, silent steps. He was within a couple of feet of the Chinaman.

"Morning, Hewitt," said the Celestial in surprisingly good English. "Glad you managed to roll up."

The Commissioner of Police started. "Good Lord, Pennington! I didn't know you."

"That's precisely as it should be," returned the other. "I'm delighted to see you, because for one thing, I know you'll like to be in at the death and, for another, I've a hazy notion in the back of my mind that you don't altogether agree with my methods."

Captain John Hewitt raised his helmet and mopped his forehead. "I don't say that," he returned. "But I venture to contend that you don't give yourself a fair chance. It's perfectly natural for you to want all the kudos for the capture of Chai-Hung, but you ought to begin to realize by this time that our murderer-friend is not likely to be caught single-handed. Besides, this affair's gone on too long. I'm getting chills almost every day from the Governor asking when the Yellow Seven gang is likely to be run to earth. You've had two chances already, you must remember."

The man with the Chinese eyes frowned. "I've had the luck of the devil," he admitted, "but I'd like to impress on you that, but for me, nobody would have identified Chai-Hung with the gang at all. And, he added defiantly, "there have been a lot less gang murders on the island since I landed."

"There'd be fewer still—if we could bring Chai-Hung to justice." They left the bridge and, threading their way through the trees, came presently to a solitary hut, raised high on poles, a bamboo ladder giving access to a hole in the wood-work. It was a wide, airy, waxy-hued with tangs, and both men held their hands above their heads to avoid cutting them on the leaves of the treacherous weeds.

Hewitt followed Pennington up the ladder into the single apartment of which the edifice boasted. The latter pushed forward a box and, squatting contentedly on the rough flooring, felt behind him in some mysterious recess for beer.

"And so," said the Commissioner, withdrawing his lips from the mouth of the bottle with a resounding smack. "I'm to be in at the death, am I?"

Chinese Pennington nodded. "I'll admit I've been a long time over this job," he said, "but Chai-Hung's a genius. He had every Chinaman on the island under his thumb—once."

"Once?" Hewitt echoed blankly. "Before I drove him into the backwoods, hounded him to Island N, and cut off his source of supplies effectively. No sort of organization can thrive on air!"

He shifted his position on the bare boards and felt for his pouch. "How's Monica?" he inquired presently, screwing up his eyes until they disappeared altogether behind those strange diagonal slits that had been directly responsible for the adjective that invariably preceded his name.

The commissioner smiled. "Pretty fit. I've got a note for you in one of my pockets." The lines of his handsome face hardened suddenly and he began stroking his black hair with the flat of his hand. "Look here, Penn. When are you two going to get married? Monica's fretting her soul out because you're still prowling about, carrying your life in your hand. If you were actually the confounded idiot you appear to be sometimes, I wouldn't tell you all this. I'd be the last man to tell any ordinary feller that a sister of mine was missing meals on his account. But I'm counting on you to understand my motives. Monica's had a deuce of a hard time up to now, and I want to see her happy."

Pennington's long fingers closed suddenly over the commissioner's and held them tightly. "Thanks," he whispered huskily. "It's uncommon good of you—and I appreciate it. It won't be long now. I swore I'd wait until I'd got Chai-Hung by the heels—and by heaven! I mean to have him this time. You understand the most of me, Jack, but you've missed a certain side of my character that even wasn't aware of until I met her. The white men that the cursed Chinaman has murdered in cold blood lie heavily on my soul. In a queer sort of way I feel directly responsible for everything Chai-Hung has done since I first came here. The feeling has grown upon me until it's become an obsession. I'm no longer the instrument of a European Power using my racial peculiarities and knowledge of dialects to wipe out a Chinese faction. It's Pennington against Chai-Hung, his life or mine."

He paused for a moment, the muscles of his face twitching, the points of his fingers pressed together. "I've worked damned hard since I came here. I've had a score of identities. I've posed as a coolie, a Dusun trader, a mandarin, a richshaw-boy—anything—everything. I've been in the hands of Chai-Hung's mercenaries—and wriggled out of them again. I've held the bandit twice—and lost him because I was alone and the odds against me were too great." His eyes blazed with a strange light. "But I've got him this time, Jack, because the luck is on my side at last."

He broke off, trembling with emotion, and the commissioner, observing him curiously, saw that great beads of perspiration stood out on his temples.

"Where is he?" he asked quietly. Pennington was clipping the stray ends of tobacco from a freshly rolled cigarette. "In a lone hut in a gully with a wall of solid rock behind him and as many of your agents as I could muster watching every possible approach."

Hewitt shook his head. "Still the persistent optimist," he said grimly. "How many times have you drawn in your net—only to find that Chai-Hung has escaped it?"

"True, oh King! And yet old son, I've got Chai-Hung! He's down with fever and none of the followers who still stand by him dare shift him—if they could. A queer thing that, Jack! He who has successfully defied

every effort of a white civilization to entrap him, has all but succumbed to the common enemy of us all!"

The commissioner bent forward until the box on which he sat tilted dangerously.

"How do you know all this?" "I've seen him!" Chinese Pennington blew out a thin wreath of blue smoke and watched it as it ascended roofward. "I scouted round until I bribed one of Chai-Hung's men to take me to his lair. It was a mighty tough proposition, and if the feller had guessed for a moment who I was—he'd have thrown in his hand. I pitched a yarn that I had heard of the great bandit and had come all the way from Singapore to settle a dispute that had arisen as to whether such a man as Chai-Hung existed at all. He took me to a Chinese magistrate with more money than sense, and consented—on the condition I saw enough to satisfy me that there could be no possible deception. There were a dozen or so of his followers in the room and a pack of Chinese playing-cards spread face-downward on the table."

"I know," broke in Hewitt grimly. "They were drawing for the Yellow Seven. I'm not likely to forget the time when you pulled me out of a tight corner when they'd got me. They were drawing lots for the pleasure of assassinating me. Go on."

(Continued in our next issue)

LAURENCE HARBOR

Miss Florence Angelo, of New York, entertained a party of friends at the Russian Inn at Long Branch Saturday night.

Miss Zara Jay returned to her home here last night after spending two weeks at the Coleman House in Asbury Park.

Miss Rose Galle and Miss Maude Moskowitz, of Montreal, are enjoying an extended vacation at the seashore.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kraemer, of Newark, are spending two weeks at their summer home here.

SALESMAN SAM

SAY GUZZ—I WANT \$200 OF THAT \$10,000 YOU'RE KEEPING FOR ME THAT I WON AT NIAGARA FALLS THIS SUMMER

\$200!! NOT UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT IT FOR

CERTAINLY—I'M GONNA PUT IT ON FIRE

WHAT! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU WANT \$200 TO PUT ON FIRE!!! ARE YOU CRAZY ???!!

NOSIR—AN' I ALSO WANT \$100 TO STICK ON FLYPAPER

HERE'S ALL YER MONEY—I WONT HAVE ANYTHING T'DO WITH A LUNATIC

BET ON FIRE—A FIRE WINNER

VA CANT LOSE ON FLYPAPER

YOU SAY TH' RALES ARE ALL OVER TODAY? ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE BACK TO—MORROW

FRECKLES AND HIS PALS

YEAH, JUST ASK MOM 'T GIVE YOU ANY KETCHERS GLOVE—YOU ASK HER JAY AN' HAVE HER GIVE IT T' YOU.

YOU ASK HER FOR IT, RAY.

NO—YOU ASK HER AN' I'LL GO IN WITH YA

FRECKLES SAID FOR YOU T' GIVE US HIS KETCHERS GLOVE AN' THAT JAY SHOULD BRING IT TO HIM

WELL, WHICH ONE OF YOU IS JAY?

I'M JAY—CANT YA TELL BY TH' SCRATCH ON MY NOSE?

OUT OUR WAY

T-R-E-S-GOLLY I CAN'T FIGGER OUT WOT 'AT SIGN MEANS. WE AINT NEVER HAD NO WORD LIKE 'AT IN SCHOOL.

WY 'AT DONT MEAN NOTHIN ALBERT, IT'S JUS A ADVERTISEMENT AT ALL. JUS GO RIGHT IN AN HELP YOURSELF, AN THROW A FEW OVER TH' FENCE FER US WE'LL TELL YA WEN WE GOT ENOUGH.

THE DECEPTION COMMITTEE

RADIO BROADCASTING

Today's radio program:

WOR

(Bamberger's-Newark)

6:15 P. M.—Talk by William Everett Hicks, Golf Expert, on "Golf."

6:35 P. M.—"Jolly Bill Steinko" will give his weekly lesson in Radio Cartooning.

7:00 P. M.—Solos by William Dawson, tenor.

7:28 P. M.—Baseball scores.

8:00 P. M.—"Current Motion Pictures" by Alfred J. McCook.

8:15 P. M.—Jimmy DeForest, the Internationally Famous Trainer of boxing champions, in a short lecture entitled "My Ideas Pertaining to Physical Culture."

8:30 P. M.—Houdini, the celebrated escape artist, master magician and psychic authority, in a talk on "Mystery Mongers and Fraud Mediums."

9:00 P. M.—Program under the direction of Mrs. Florence Wessell of New York.

9:15 P. M.—Jimmie Shearer, well known song writer and assisting artists.

WEAF

(American Telephone and Telegraph Company, New York)

4 p. m.—Recital by Minnie Dalton Crofts, dramatic reader.

4:15 p. m.—Popular music program by Phil Ohman and his famous studio.

4:45 p. m.—Recital by Minnie Dalton Crofts.

5 p. m.—Phil Ohman and his famous studio.

7:30 p. m.—Recital by Louise Pascova, Australian soprano.

7:45 p. m.—When New York Was Under Ice," a talk by Dr. Chester A. Reeds.

8 p. m.—Recital by Mello Romani, violinist.

8:15 p. m.—Recital by Louise Pascova.

8:25 p. m.—The Cheerful Philosopher, Burr McIntosh.

8:50 p. m.—Piano solos by Carlos Abba.

9:05 p. m.—Solos by D. J. Williams, Welsh tenor.

9:15 p. m.—Violin solos by Mello Romani.

Romani.

9:25 p. m.—Character Sketches by Caroline Spigner, Smith.

9:40 p. m.—Piano solos by Carlos Abba.

9:50 p. m.—Solos by Dr. J. Williams, Welsh tenor.

WJZ

(Radio Corporation, New York)

2 p. m.—Fashions.

4 p. m.—Baseball scores.

4:05 p. m.—"The Home Beautiful" by Dorothy Ethel Walsh.

5:20 p. m.—"Your Character in Your Handwriting," by Albert J. Smith.

5:45 p. m.—Closing reports.

6 p. m.—Closing quotations.

6:05 p. m.—"A Woodfolk Bedtime Story," by Thornton W. Burgess.

6:20 p. m.—St. Nicholas Story for older children.

7:30 p. m.—The Outlook literary chat for the average reader.

7:45 p. m.—Harper's Bazar Fashions.

9 p. m.—Stadium concert.

9 p. m.—Music direct from the Mark Strand theatre.

10:15 p. m.—"The Game Refuge Bill," a talk by Eltinge F. Warner.

10:30 p. m.—Recital by Vincent S. Polidori, baritone.

10:55 p. m.—Time signals and weather forecast.

KDKA

(Westinghouse-Pittsburgh)

2:15 P. M.—Baseball scores.

5:00 P. M.—Baseball scores.

5:15 P. M.—Dinner Concert by the KDKA Little Symphony Orchestra.

6:00 P. M.—Baseball scores.

6:05 P. M.—Dinner concert continued.

6:30 P. M.—"Camping in Western Pennsylvania" by Laura Holland, Director of Girl Scouts.

6:45 P. M.—The Children's Period.

7:00 P. M.—Baseball scores.

7:05 P. M.—Home Furnishing Hints by Harriet Webster.

7:15 P. M.—Vacation reading.

7:20 P. M.—Concert by the KDKA Little Symphony Orchestra.

8:45 P. M.—National Stockman and Farmer Market Reports. Baseball scores.

9:55 P. M.—Arlington time signals.

KEASBEY

Mrs. Frank Fesler and daughter, Irene, were New York visitors Saturday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Morris Deutsch entertained relatives over the weekend.

Protection Fire Company No. 1 is scheduled to meet tonight for its regular semi-monthly meeting.

Mrs. Guy Keyser, of New York, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Schlicke, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Halberts and son, Robert Jr., motored to Belmar, L. I. Saturday where they were the weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gangloff.

A number of the local merchants have received orders to keep closed for business on Sundays.

Mr. and Mrs. William Romer entertained relatives yesterday.

Mrs. Helen Sullivan and sister, Margaret, of Highland Park, visited here, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bertram, Jr., and children, were out-of-town visitors yesterday.

Michael V. Fee, of Hartford, Conn., spent the week-end with his parents, here.

The Misses Rose Lovas and Julius Matosche spent Saturday night, in Perth Amboy.

Miss Rosaline Hoffner was an out-of-town visitor, Saturday night.

Messrs. Joseph Katrasky and Alex Holmann motored to Long Branch, Saturday.

The scheduled meeting of the United Exempt Firemen's Association, for Friday night was postponed.

Mrs. James Vinnay and daughter, Julia, motored to Plainfield, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Burke and children of Perth Amboy, visited relatives here, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schuster and son, Kenneth, Mrs. Charles Pfeiffer and son, Charles, and Jacob Bertram, motored to Princeton yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wagenhoffer entertained out-of-town relatives yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Vroom were Perth Amboy visitors yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fullerton and daughter, Hazel, Mrs. Russell Dunham and child, Mrs. William J. Fullerton and daughter, Ida, motored out-of-town yesterday.

9:55 P. M.—Arlington time signals.

COOLIDGE SECRETARY



Edward T. Clark, present secretary to President Coolidge, will doubtless succeed George B. Christian as secretary to the president.

RAYMOND WHITE BOOMED FOR N. J. VICE COMMANDER

SOUTH AMBOY, Aug. 6.—Luke A. Lovely Post No. 62, American Legion of this city has gone on record as endorsing Raymond P. White, of Highland Park, for the position of vice commander of the New Jersey Department of the American Legion. The local post is the first post in Middlesex county to record themselves in favor of White.

Mr. White for the past year has been acting as state membership officer. The remarkable work done by him in New Jersey has attracted wide attention. New Jersey, when Mr. White took the reins in his hands, as far as membership was concerned, stood in forty-fifth place only three other states separating New Jersey from the very bottom.

Today, New Jersey stands in fifth place, but not without considerable time and work on the part of the membership officer. The members of the local post feel as one that the record as set by Mr. White, entitles him to the highest office in the state, but Mr. White rules otherwise and is content to take the second highest one. Mr. White is unimpressed that there are others at this time, who have given much of their time to legion work in the state and more entitled to the higher office than himself. This post is by no means the only post who feel that Mr. White should try for state commander.

At the next meeting of the county organization it is expected that Mr. White will receive the staunch backing of this organization.

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ACTION ON DELINQUENT WATER USERS TAKEN

SOUTH AMBOY, Aug. 6.—The extraordinary large number of delinquent water users in this city makes it necessary for the water commissioner to curtail service where there is arrearage. It is estimated that there is outstanding at the present time several thousand dollars due the city for water. Many of the bills are high, but the majority are average and according to the recent ruling must be paid up.

Water Commissioner John J. Branney said that he will be kept busy all this week either collecting the money due, or shutting off the water service. A warning to this effect was announced several weeks ago, but no action was taken until this time.

Reacts Understanding

PARIS, Aug. 6 (By The Associated Press).—The German coal operators in the Ruhr have come to an understanding with the Franco-Belgian authorities operating the Ruhr railways under the Germans will cease their opposition to the shipment of coal on reparations account to Italy over the lines operated by the allies.

This arrangement which was announced at this foreign office this morning, is regarded in French official circles as a sign of the weakening of passive resistance to allied action in the Ruhr.

Looking for a chance to save money? That's one of the aims among the Mer-chandise ads in the Classified Section.

BY SWAN

YOU SAY TH' RALES ARE ALL OVER TODAY? ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE BACK TO—MORROW

BY BLOSSER

I'M JAY—CANT YA TELL BY TH' SCRATCH ON MY NOSE?

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO

YOU'RE HOME IN GOOD TIME FOR ONCE. HANG UP YOUR HAT AND COME IN HERE. LOOK AT THE WALLPAPER I HAD PUT ON TODAY IN THIS ROOM.

WELL, AS USUAL, YOU HAVE GONE AHEAD WITHOUT CONSULTING ME! WHAT IN THE WORLD EVER INDUCED YOU TO SELECT THAT COLOR?

BECAUSE IT'S SOOTHING AND RESTFUL, THAT'S WHY!!

OUT OUR WAY

T-R-E-S-GOLLY I CAN'T FIGGER OUT WOT 'AT SIGN MEANS. WE AINT NEVER HAD NO WORD LIKE 'AT IN SCHOOL.

WY 'AT DONT MEAN NOTHIN ALBERT, IT'S JUS A ADVERTISEMENT AT ALL. JUS GO RIGHT IN AN HELP YOURSELF, AN THROW A FEW OVER TH' FENCE FER US WE'LL TELL YA WEN WE GOT ENOUGH.

THE DECEPTION COMMITTEE

BY WILLIAMS

IT IS CUSTOMARY TO WAH FOR RESERVATIONS IN THIS HOTEL!—HOWEVAH, I MAY BE ABLE TO FIX YOU WITH A ROOM AND BAWTH AT \$12 A DAY!—

WHAT!—\$12 A DAY?—DOES THAT INCLUDE A JAZZ BAND?—SAY, YOU MUST HAVE TH' PRICE OF WALES HOPPING BELLS IN THIS BARN AT THAT PRICE!

SAY, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK WE'RE GONNA FEEL AS MUCH OUT OF PLACE HERE AS AN ANGLE WORM AT AN AQUARIUM!

WHY, FOR \$12 A DAY I'D EXPECT COLOGNE WATER TO COME OUT OF TH' BATH TUB FAUCETS!—TH' BRICKLAYERS MUSTA USED GOLD TROWELS WHEN THEY PUT UP THIS MILL!

THE ARRIVAL AT THORNDIKE PLAZA

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

IT IS CUSTOMARY TO WAH FOR RESERVATIONS IN THIS HOTEL!—HOWEVAH, I MAY BE ABLE TO FIX YOU WITH A ROOM AND BAWTH AT \$12 A DAY!—

WHAT!—\$12 A DAY?—DOES THAT INCLUDE A JAZZ BAND?—SAY, YOU MUST HAVE TH' PRICE OF WALES HOPPING BELLS IN THIS BARN AT THAT PRICE!

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